Come shall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, prisoners

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou shalt behold a subiect die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O *Pomfert*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second heere was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,
Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out,

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt:*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods Name say when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and yet in nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bish. Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Hastings*, you and he a
Hast. I thanke his grace, I k
But for his purpose in the Co
I haue not sounded him, n
His graces pleasure any way
But you my Lord may name
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile
Which I presume he will tak
Bish. Now in good time he

Enter

Glo. My noble Lord, and
I haue beene long a sleepe,
My absence doth neglect no
Which by my presence might
Buc. Had not you come
William L. Hastings had no
I meane your voyce from Cr
Glo. Then my *L. Hasting*
His Lordship knowes me wel
Hast. I thanke your grace
Glo. My Lord of *Elie*.
Bish. My Lord.
Glo. When I was last in
I saw good strawberies in yo
I doe beseech you send for s
Bish. I goe my Lord.
Glo. Cousen *Buckingha*
Catesby hath sounded *Hastin*
And finds the testy Gentlem
As he will loose his head ere
His maisters sonne as worsh
Shall loose the royalty of *E*
Buc. Withdraw you hence
Dar. We haue not yet set
To morrow in mine opinion
For I my selfe am not so well
As else I would be, were t

Enter the B

Bish. Where is my *L. Prote*

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